

# The Holy Cross Magazine



A GENTLEMAN IN ADORATION BEFORE THE MADONNA  
By Giovanni Moroni  
(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)  
(Kress Collection)

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July



1949

## The Catholic and Vocation

By TREVOR WYATT MOORE

NOT so long ago, when we were called upon to appraise a text on vocational guidance, we were struck by the topics suggested for investigation. We were disturbed to find topics running to such things as "The Responsibilities and Advantages of Goldfish Breeding" and "How I Intend to Make My First Million," and then we reasoned that the text was not entirely at fault. In spite of the absurdities of these and similar titles, such texts honestly mirror the blank stare of a spiritually-dead society; a society which has lost, or failed to grasp, even an elementary concept of the essence of its purpose or end.

It is easy for us to blame secularized education for this unhappy state of affairs, but in doing so, we forget that the schools are the faithful instruments of a faithless generation. We cannot change them until we change society and the fundamental principles upon which we function as a society. Hence, we must conclude that this will be accomplished when the determinant in society is changed from the love of the material for its own sake, to the love of God for His sake. We will change when we realize that our

primary vocation is the service of God. This is not a new idea to Catholics, but many of us have proved singularly unsuccessful in harnessing principle to practice.

That God is the beginning and end for our lives does not necessarily mean that all of us should retire to the contemplative life, nor that all of us should pursue theology as a vocation, although God calls some to do this. It does mean, however, that the vocation to which we are called may be an instrument of God's design, provided that it is honest and purposeful. We must say honest and purposeful, since honesty can, by itself, be practiced with a purely negative effect. Thus it is possible that a vocation may be pursued with scrupulous honesty, in a technical sense, but its nature might be such that even the most charitable imagination would find it difficult to discover its spiritual meaning or purpose.

As Catholics then, we should apply this test to our vocation: Is its nature such that the pursuit of it can become a hymn of love and praise to the Eternal God? If we meet this test, we shall have fulfilled the first great commandment of Christian vocation.

# Go Out!

## A Meditation on Charity

BY PAUL C. WEED, JR.

"JESUS said, The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come. Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise: and the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them. But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city. Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. So those servants went into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests. And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding-garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding-garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen."

—St. Matthew 22.

In this parable the thing that strikes us right away is that the Kingdom of God is a happy place, like a marriage feast. Here is this king, whose son is getting married, and one in whom he had placed all His hopes, and he prepared a wedding feast for him. The Kingdom is like that, our Lord says. Since we are members of the Kingdom, our Lord

wants us to be happy. Indeed it would be a crime not to be happy. It is not that our Lord expects us always to be bubbling over with fun, but He does want us always to be happy.

Our Lord recognized that God made man with a natural desire to be happy, and that it is our nature to desire happiness. In fact everything we do is trying to find happiness. Even sin is an attempt to find happiness, although in the wrong way, and in the wrong things. True happiness is found in God, in doing God's will, in doing what is right and in keeping His commandments. And if at times that seems not to be a very pleasant thing or a particular happy thing we have to do, we know it is because we are still in the way. We are still finding our way. We are still going on into that perfect happiness which can only exist in the Kingdom of God in heaven. But surely it is a crime, and the worst of all kinds of crime for any Christian not to want to be happy.

Another thing to notice about this Kingdom of God is that it is something that we had nothing to do with making whatsoever. It is just something given to us. It is already here, before we had any idea of it at all, it was here. We received an invitation to come into it, but surely we cannot think that our coming into it in any way created that Kingdom. It is something already given by God. I think we too often speak glibly of going out and building the Kingdom of God. We cannot build it, because it is already built. We can come into it. We can want to bring others into it. We can want to be better citizens of the Kingdom. We can be like those servants who went out and issued invitations to all people to come in, and we can even go out and say, "You must come in." The King says, "Compel them to come in," but we cannot in any way create it.



This givenness of God's Kingdom means that the Kingdom does not depend upon feeling, or even our faith. We can have belief whatsoever. Our opinions cannot change the fact that it is already there. We can refuse to see it. We can be blind and we can turn away and not come in, but the Kingdom is still there. God is there, long before we suspected He might be. He is there when we wander away. He is there waiting for us to come back.

Before considering the charity which is the cause of happiness of the Kingdom it is well to say a word about the seemingly harsh side of this parable. Many people are troubled about that: this king who sends out an army and has these people destroyed, and the poor fellow who is bound hand and foot and cast out. Some say that perhaps our Lord did not put the harshness into the parable at all, but we need not explain them away at all. You see, our Lord was a realist, and He knew that this sort of thing happened in this world. He knew that we could know perfectly well what was meant by an army that went out to destroy those people. He was speaking for us. He wants to see what kind of world this is.

And then, too, we must remember about

all the parables that they are earthly stories that are told to teach us a heavenly message. And our Lord often purposely made them quite different from what we might think heaven would be like, so that we would not take them literally, that we would get a spiritual meaning out of them, and not be tempted to take the whole thing right up into heaven. Nevertheless in this world, an army, destruction, outer darkness and weeping are very real, and always will be.

The only satisfying explanation of anything is charity. Charity is the only thing that is self-justifying and needs nothing else to explain why it exists. I suppose every one has had times when he has said, "Well, why is anything? Why am I here? Why should there be a sun or a moon or other people, or myself, or anything?" And you cannot explain it. Oh, you can say how it came to be, explain it in a casual way. The sun produces the rain, cause and effect, and we can go on and on and back and back, and perhaps we will come to God. And then we say, "Who made God?" And we know that is a foolish question, and that the only answer is that God is love. That is why St. John said it, because he knew that is the only thing that makes



THE VISITATION  
By Albertinelli





ST. PAUL

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

God self-explanatory. You see, charity does not need to be explained, but if you want to know what life is about, it is for loving. Now let us look for charity in our King. In the parable we are told that the King went out and issued these invitations and He sent His servants out into the highways and hedges and told them that they must compel these people to come in. He was not going to have this party, He was not going to have this joy just for Himself. He wanted to share it, to go out and give it to others. In that He knew He would increase His own joy and happiness. And we are told that God, that is love, was manifested toward us in that He sent His only begotten Son into the world. The King said to His servants, "Go out into the highways and hedges," and God said to his Son, "Go down to the world, into the highways and hedges and save those people. Bring them to my love, my charity."

God's love is manifested in that going-out-ness, His coming-down-ness to us. I sup-

pose we cannot realize how great that is that was manifested in our Lord Jesus Christ. You can try to imagine what it would be like if the world had never known Christ. Think what it would be like right now to be in the heart of a jungle in Africa where they have no word even for Christ. There is no knowledge there. He is unknown. Think of our own country here where Jesus is known as a name by everyone, I suppose, and yet where so few of us are to be members of His Body. Think of our own selves. What would our lives be like without Christ, without the love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts? What would we be now if we did not have Christ? If He had not called us, if God had not sent His Son to find us just where we are and bring us to Himself? There would be no surety of anything. There would be no possibility of forgiveness, no purpose, no meaning. Yes, we would go on existing the same way as the animals, and I suppose there would be natural joys for us like the rising of the sun, eating, but it would all be in ourselves because there would be nothing that would free us from self. There would be no love that would let us go out.

You know, there is no knowledge of God outside of Christ. And I say that even though we know it is true that St. Paul says that God hath not left Himself without a witness. But outside of Christ, God is a name, an intellectual concept, a vague dream or most a hope, a groping in the dark. And even in the glorious knowledge of the full light of Christ have no idea what it would be like if we did not have that knowledge and that light were put out. All we really know about God is in Him. That is the measure of God's love for us.

God said to His Son, "Go out into the highways and hedges and find those people. Bring them to the wedding feast that the feast may be furnished with guests." And God's Son came and He went out and found us and brought us that the feast might be furnished with guests.

And now to us He gives a commandment "A new Commandment I give unto you that ye love one another, even as I have



red you." And He says to each one of us that He said to those servants, "Go out. Go out to the world, out of yourself, out of the circle of your own dear friends, go out to all people, out into the highways and hedges." Charity demands it. We talk in the Church of evangelism. We have a great program of evangelism, and we do right to that. The Church must always be evangelizing, but it is all so,—well, something that a few people do or that we do only in the way of perhaps giving for the support of something, or sending a parcel or going to a missionary. But it is right in ourselves, in our own souls. It is the very means of salvation, the very essence of our religion. You in your own family, among your own friends, you must go out. "He that will lose his life will find it. He that will come after Me must deny himself."

Charity is going out to others. And that is not easy. It would be foolish for any one of us to say that it was or that we could even learn habitually to do it, because none of us are completely free in Christ. Naturally, we have two reactions toward other people. We are either afraid of them, and then we become withdrawn. We neglect other people, we just don't see them. We live by ourselves. Or if we are not afraid of them, by nature, we desire to use them, to treat other people as contemptible, as mere pawns that we can manipulate for our own purposes, by craft and subtlety, perhaps, but nevertheless we use them. And of course, neither one of these reactions is the right one. When we look at our Blessed Lord He is always going out to others.

Going out, perhaps another word is compassion; seeing into their hearts, that they are people in their own right; that every soul is infinitely precious in the sight of God; that the most beautiful thing that God ever made is the human soul. It is the crown and glory of His creation. There is no one contemptible, no one outside of God's love. Why should there be any one outside of our love? There is no one whom God does not want to bring home to Himself. Why should we hate, why should we refuse to have compassion? Why should we look down on any one or look up to any

one? We are all God's children. He has sent us out to find those people, to go out of ourselves.

I am sure the way to begin is to learn to go out, to learn to love, is right in our own parishes. God is to be worshipped. You must go out when you worship God because you cannot make God over in your own image. You cannot use Him for your own purposes. You may fool yourself and think you can, but it cannot be done. You know, sometimes I think we like to rationalize our sins and say, "Perhaps Christ would have done this if He had been in my place." It sounds blasphemous, but I am sure every one at some time or other has tried to do it. You cannot do so because Christ is always Himself. You must go out to Him. You must make yourself over into His image. And therefore when you come to pray you find you have to go out of yourself.

It is by worship that we gradually train this poor human nature of ours to love. We have a God-like destiny, God makes us like Him, like those servants who went out into all places.

Now let us think once more of our parable? How do you think of yourself in the terms of the parable? Are you like the King, or the servants, or those who get an invitation, or the man who did not have a wedding garment? Or do you think of yourself as the servant whom the Lord sends out? Remember how our Lord said He was among us as he who serves. It is an honor to be a servant. Is that our job, to go out of ourselves, out to others in charity? However we think of it, we must obey His commandment: "Go out. Have compassion. A new commandment I give to you that ye love one another as I have loved you."

There was one guest who came without a wedding garment. He did not want to throw in his lot with these people, he came only to look at them. He came with no love in his heart. He did not even want to rejoice with these people. But God wants us always rejoicing, carrying our happiness out everywhere we go, living as the sons of God in His Kingdom.

# Medicine Man to Evangelist

BY RALPH T. MILLIGAN

**Z**ACHARIAS Kpoto is one of the chief figures in Bolahun. One might almost say that he is *the* chief figure. Although there are others, both black and white who labor unceasingly in this new portion of the Lord's vineyard, perhaps because of his age, as well as his devotion and zeal, one likes to put him first. He is seen at the beginning of the day kneeling at the back of the church for Mass, except when he is off driving the birds from his rice farm. He always takes his place at the back of the long nave because for many years he has been responsible for taking the attendance of the catechumens at Mass.

At eight-thirty he will arrive promptly at the monastery chapel, for that is the time when the evangelists meet each morning for their daily meditation. Once each week, in turn, one of them is responsible for conducting the meditation. It was at one of these which Zacharias conducted for us that I first learned what a truly consecrated man he is.

As near as one can tell, Zacharias is a little past fifty. He came to the mission in 1927 and has remained here ever since. His life story is an example of the way in which God has been working in the hearts of these people whom the Holy Cross Fathers have been teaching for more than a quarter of a century. His parents died when he was quite young, leaving him and his sister in care of an uncle who looked after them until Kpoto was a young man and the uncle himself died. Kpoto was alone and, as he said, he felt very lonely. Like many young men, he decided to set out in search of better things. At first he went to stay with a relative, but it was not long before he made his own home in Loma country and lived alone. Here he began to meet former acquaintances of his early boyhood days who were now being educated. These friends were "learning book" at the small government station school at Vonjama, about a day's journey from where Kpoto was then living. Among those who were attending this government

school was a young uncle, Benjamin Kari, later baptized by Bishop Campbell. Kpoto began to think: he was free, he was young, why should he not try to "learn book" in order to better himself and thus gain the respect of the people? One day he made a visit to the Vonjama school, but he can remember little of significance of what happened on this visit, except that he gathered a few pieces of waste paper from the teacher's basket under the desk and carried them home with him.

His first contact with the Order of the Holy Cross, although a very slight one, was in these days. Captain Boyle, a government official had ordered him and many other laborers to go to Bolahun to help with the construction of the new building, which the fathers were putting up. Kpoto was here for about two weeks. Bishop Campbell was here at the time and so was Mr. Manley, the mission carpenter from America. These were the only two names that he can recall. "Even these," said Zacharias, "I did not speak to. I did not care to have anything to do with these white men, for I thought, as we all did in those days, that these were not real human beings at all, but genii who had come from out of the water, and we were afraid of them."

When his two weeks work at the mission was finished, he returned to his own place. But it was not very long afterwards that a strange and wonderful thing happened to him. One evening Kpoto was sitting on the door step of his house drinking native palm wine, and watching the sun sink in the west. "It was very beautiful sunset," he said, as he told his story, "more beautiful than any I have ever seen before or since, and it made me feel both happy and sad. I cried as I said to myself, 'Ah, there, is my true home, but I wonder if anyone will help me to find it.'" In his own way he made an act of faith then and there, and told himself that he was sure that God would help him.



It was only a few days after this incident at a stranger who had been staying in the town came to his house to visit him. This stranger was Moses Kamala, a young African Christian from Sierra Leone, who spoke English. As he got into conversation with Kpoto, this man told him that he had been watching his actions for the past few days and wanted to talk with him. Kpoto offered him palm wine and the two sat down to talk. Soon the new friend noticed some handwriting on the inside wall of the house and asked who had put the letters there. Kpoto owned that he had, but that he did not know what they meant. Then he related his story of the visit to the school at Vondoma and how he had returned with the waste paper from the teacher's basket and had copied some of the lettering on the wall with a piece of charcoal. When the friend asked him if he knew the A, B, Cs, Kpoto did not even know what he meant. It was a great day in Kpoto's life, for before the friend left he promised that he would help in some way to get Kpoto to school. The friend was expecting to find new work in Monrovia and invited Kpoto to go along with him, assuring that he would be able to take care of him and find a school there on the coast. The two of them made the trip to Monrovia together. Kpoto gave up his home in the Loma Country and went in search of knowledge. But the friend did not

get the expected job and soon Kpoto was forced to go off to find work and save some money. Influenced by others, for the next two years he worked for an African trader on the banks of the St. Paul River carrying cargo from the ships that docked at the bank.

But his heart was set. Kpoto knew that this could not last, and he soon began to think again about his "book learning." It was at this time that his mind now turned to the fathers whom he had seen at Bolahun, and he determined to return there to see what was being offered. A young man from a town near the mission had been visiting Monrovia. This man had come to know the fathers well. He had worked for them carrying the mission money from Pendembu to Bolahun. He corrected the idea about the fathers being genii, and Kpoto soon made up his mind to return to Bandi Country and try to enter the mission school that had by then been started.

Kpoto entered the school in 1927. Father Gorham was the prior. St. Philip's School for boys was then in its fourth year. Kpoto was about twenty-two years old when he came for admission to the school. Since he had no way of paying his fee (ten hampers of rice) and being older than all the other boys, the prior sent him to William Morlu who was in charge of the new school at Bwawohun. There Kpoto entered, working



THE "UP-DEVIL" COMES TO TOWN





BANDI WOMAN

on Morlu's farm in the day, as the other boys in the mission station did, and taking his A, B, Cs, at night. There he remained for the next two years after which he was transferred to the main school at Bolahun.

At Bwawohun the people laughed at him, so did most of the younger boys. They called him the "old man," and asked him why he wasted his time trying to learn anything at his age; they called him a fool. Kpoto used to say, "Never mind, I know what I am after." When he was transferred to Bolahun he was ridiculed even more by the older people, and the school boys. They said that he was coming to Bolahun only that he might find a wife. But Kpoto stuck to his story. He answered them that it was not for a wife that he had come, but for "book learning" and "especially now that I know the Fathers, for this new God-Palaver business."

"My first real knowledge of God," he related, "was at the time that Father Gorham had come once to Bwawohun to preach. I do not remember much of what he said, but his God-Palaver was about Jesus, as Savior of all men. That was new to me, and from that time on I began to take no-

tice of all that the new white fathers had say." In two or three years he was baptized and took the name of Zacharias Kpoto.

In his early life, Zacharias had learned a little art of "medicine." He saw, as a small boy, in the old hometown, that the medicine men got along well and had the respect of all the people, "even of the older men." He made up his mind in those days that he would get ahead and have the respect of the people; so he began to learn "medicine." When he had practiced so that he could dance well enough, he went to learn the art of native "medicine."

"When I returned to Bolahun," he said, "and went to the Bwawohun school, my people tried to get me to carry on with the 'medicine,' but I had already made up my mind that I would leave it forever, not only to stop practicing it, but to try, by God's help, to put it even out of my mind."

It happened that Zacharias had an uncle who lived in Bwawohun and often in the years after he had come to Bolahun to the school he would go there to visit him. On one of these occasions a country devil and his dancers were visiting in the same town, playing their music and dancing to entertain the people. Their music was made by shaking together some of the country iron (long thin pieces of metal used as money). The devil had taken hold of the daughter of Zacharias' uncle and showed his intention of carrying her off to the bush. Zacharias stepped up and told the devil to take his hands off her. When the devil refused, Zacharias spoke out and said: "I know all about your devil business and I am not afraid of you. If you do not let this girl free, I will take all your irons that make your sweet music and I will melt them into a cutlass and go and cut my farm with them." \* The devil gave in, but said that he would send a curse on the town and especially on Zacharias in two or three days, when the thunder came it would strike him dead. On the second day, in the evening, when Zacharias was preparing rice with some of his friends and relatives in the town kitchen, the terrible thunder came. When it began to crash overhead all the company which was with

\* The act of putting a devil's instruments to a subordinate use would have been a form of curse. Ed.



in the kitchen fled from fear, saying that Zacharias' time had come. The thunder passed, but Zacharias was unhurt; the people all marvelled and were afraid. The following day, as the Up-Devil and his dancers were taking their baths by the waterside, Zacharias went and told them that he was not afraid of any of them, and ordered them to leave the town quietly but immediately. When they refused, he carried the matter to Father Gorham and the chief of Bwawohun, telling the latter that if he did not order the men to leave he would carry the whole company to the district commissioner at Kolahun. In fear the chief agreed, and the devil and his men were ordered to leave.

Sometime later these same devils came to Kolahun, asking for chop and lodging for the night. One of the school boys who had known of the former incident brought them first to Zacharias saying to them, "This is the man you tried to kill, and now he is the one from whom you must get permission to sleep here; if he agrees you may stay, otherwise you may not." Zacharias told the devil and his men that a Christian was not allowed to hold a grudge, and invited them to stay.

I asked Zacharias what he thought might have been the consequences of this particular episode if his own faith in God's power had not been as strong as it was. It is a known fact that the country devils have their own secret "medicine" which they use on others to bring harm. My question was this: "Having withstood the devil, if your faith in God had not been strong, do you believe that you would have died that night, as the devil predicted?" This question did not bring forth a ready answer, but after a little thought he said: "Perhaps." For this he offered two reasons: (1) Fear. This I find difficult to understand, but I must confess that I believe it. I do not know whether anyone but an African can understand the African mind, this, however, is certain: the power of suggestion, and the power of mind over matter is about as strong among these people as you will find anywhere. Their own "spiritual world" or "world of spirits" is their real world. The "ghost" of a dead man is much more pow-

erful than it was in the "days of his flesh." This is one kind of belief. But there are also others. Belief in the power of certain "medicine" either to cure or to kill is real. It is by no means sure that death is always the result of some physical cause, but frequently is psychological. The formula is simple: "I believe that this man has "power" through his "medicine" to kill me, *therefore*, if he uses his "medicine" on me I must die."

(2) The other reason why Zacharias believed that he might have died is that he might easily have been poisoned. "It is very simple," he said, "Your best friend must agree to poison your rice. He must agree for a little money, even though he may be sad at the thought, and not care for the money. He knows that if he does not consent, the "medicine" will quickly reach him in the same way." So Zacharias was careful during those two days at Bwawohun not to eat any of the rice or drink the palm wine that was offered him, but ate and drank only such things as he prepared for himself.

"It was after this experience," he said, "that I learned to believe in the power of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, with my whole heart. I knew that my faith in God was now strong enough, that it would overcome all fear, as he tells us in the New Tes-



"UP-DEVILS" BUILD THESE BRIDGES

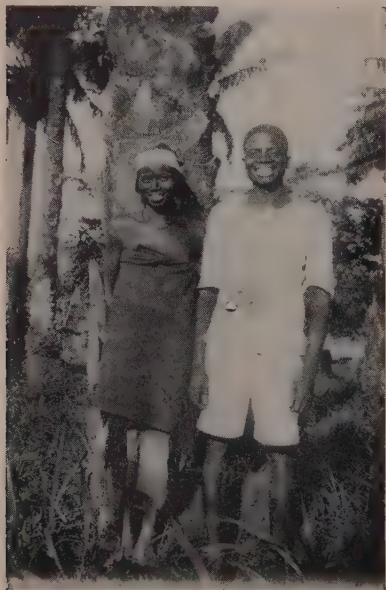
tament, 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' and since that time I have always been trying to persuade my companions to put away their "medicine" beliefs and their fears, put away their sacrifices, and come to learn what this God-Palaver can do for them. I myself had given up "medicine," and gave my life as a weaver, only that I might follow this Christian way, and I know that God has surely blessed me, and that He will bless all who will do the same. That is why I am an Evangelist."

Our Lord said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." Zacharias came to Bolahun for "book learning and especially this God-Palaver business." In 1931, two years after his transfer to the Bolahun school, from Bwawohun, he also found his wife, to whom he has been most happily married now for seventeen years and by her has five delightful Christian children. He first met her when he was at school in Bwawohun and later brought her to Bolahun. According to native custom a man may have as many wives as he can afford, and even if he can afford none, nobody will object of he is able to have a few women as his "friends." But Zacharias had become a Christian and wanted to follow

the Christian way of marriage. As he put himself: "I said to myself, this Christian is true, therefore I must believe it." With this he presented his matter to Father Gorham, and as soon as the woman had received sufficient instruction Zacharias was married to her. But all the work of teaching the young woman to become a Christian was not done by the fathers. Zacharias himself took strong hand. He himself, by this time, had gone a long way from the pagan customs of his people and he was anxious that the woman who was to be his wife should be of the same mind.

First he encouraged her to "learn book." By this time the sisters had arrived to begin their work at the mission, and a class for the adult women had been started. Elizabeth, his wife, joined the class with some of the other older women and persevered for a while. But as might be supposed, the responsibilities of being a wife began to press upon her and when the children began to come she was forced to drop her schooling. But that did not mean that she could learn no more, and Zacharias himself became her tutor. He did not try to "teach her book," but rather how to become a Christian, and how to get rid of the fears that beset these native people.

Zacharias is by nature a quiet person. I think it was partly because of this and partly because he was so much older than the others in the school that many suspected him of being here for a bad reason. He told me that even Father Gorham once went to him and asked that he leave the school, thinking that he was here to learn what he could about the mission with the intention of making trouble later on. He assured Father Gorham that he was not here to "make palaver" and begged to be allowed to stay on. It was not until some time later that Father Gorham discovered the real truth. Zacharias was often seen in the cassava garden, working, but sitting down at intervals to read his Bible. It was one of the boys who most ridiculed his being in school who went one day to Father Gorham and jokingly said: "This old man is always trying to read his Bible. You ought to make an evangelist out of him." From



ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH



at time on, though his "reporter" had included him no good, Father Gorham had change of heart about Zacharias and began to invite him to go on the preaching visits to Bwawohun as an interpreter. This was the beginning of his eighteen years of preaching the Gospel. He could speak Loma as well as Bandi, and when Father Baldwin came out to the mission in 1932 and opened the new work in Loma Country, it was Zacharias who went with him. Later he went out there by himself to preach.

In time the fathers in Bolahun were engaged in the work of visiting and preaching eighteen out-stations. After the Father Superior's visit in 1935, Father Baldwin and Father Kroll soon went home for their furloughs, leaving only Father Whittemore and Father Parsell to carry on all the work. Something new would have to be done, if all the out-station work which had been started was to be carried on. At that time Bishop Campbell was also visiting the monastery and the suggestion was made that some of the men who had been assisting with the preaching work might be licensed by him as evangelists. Accordingly on August 11, 1936, Father Whittemore formally presented seven men to the Bishop, asking him to commission them as catechists and evangelists. Of these Zacharias was one. They received certificates from the Bishop and, with the exception of the three who were also teaching in the school, they were released from any other work in order that they might be free to be called upon at a moment's notice to do the work of preaching. It was a day long to be remembered. These young men had learned the necessity of carrying the Gospel to their own people.

With the help of these men the work was carried on. In time the demands grew greater. The new paramount chief of Loma Country had been asking for a school to be established among his people. After due investigation the town of Vezala was chosen as the most centrally located and a school teacher was sent there to make a beginning. Zacharias was sent there from among the evangelists to do the work of preaching. Father Bessom had joined the missions staff by this time, and it fell to him to do the



#### SLEEPING SICKNESS

Adhesive covers the spots where glucose was injected.  
The patient recovered.

monthly visiting of that area. Zacharias began the work of preaching in several of the surrounding towns while at the same time he maintained daily preaching and instruction among the boys who had come to attend the school.

The Vezala work was a profitable venture as far as the school was concerned and the work of preaching in the neighboring towns was getting established, but Zacharias did not have a long time to spend there. In two years he came down with a severe attack of sleeping sickness which forced him to return to Bolahun. When the sickness finally left him, he took up local work and since then has been found indispensable to the fathers at Bolahun. His work and his presence at the central mission perhaps does more to strengthen the Christian faith among these people than many other factors. It is said that religion is caught and not taught, and Zacharias with his family are indeed a model Christian unit.

Zacharias has gone far. Back in the days when he was learning how to become a medicine man, one of his country-doctor friends

had given him his first introduction to the secrets of African "medicine." In those days Zacharias believed in real ghosts, just as his friends did. So it was a great day for him when the country-doctor gave him for his own possession some of the "medicine" that would give him the power to see the ghosts when they came. One night a ghost did come into the town and all the people were upset and frightened by it. This was his first chance to "practice medicine." He began going from house to house searching for the ghost and all the people followed him. Some of them said that they were sure that the ghost had entered a certain house, at any rate the cat in front was acting in a very strange manner. It was night and very dark, but Zacharias happened to be the proud owner of a flashlight. As soon as the light was turned on the people all ran away. No one to this day would be able to persuade those people that the ghost had not been there, but that night Zacharias had his own first real lesson in the truth about ghosts. The country doctor had announced to a certain person in the town that on this night the ghost would come. The rumor spread, and since every country doctor knows his business, the ghost was expected. Even Zacharias looked for Mr. Ghost that night, and he was prepared to

find him with the power of his new "medicine." The ghost was cornered and the flashlight turned on him: it was nothing but a frog. That helped to shake his faith in superstition. He decided that he would keep his eyes open. On another occasion the same rumor was circulated and on investigation proved to be two rats fighting with one another.

These incidents, insignificant though they might seem to us, helped to change Zacharias' life. When he came to the mission he used to hear the fathers say that there were no ghosts, and that God would not allow the spirits of the dead to return to "harm" the living. Zacharias was able to believe this now, as few others were. He taught his wife and children not to be afraid.

Zacharias is a brave man and a true soldier of Christ. There are few, indeed, who would dare to speak out against the native practices as he does. Not long ago he invited Father Bessom to give a talk to all the school boys about what their attitude should be toward the devils and country "medicine." He spoke plainly to all the boys, telling them many things of his experience as a medicine man. There are few men in the parts of Africa who would dare to speak in such a way, but then Zacharias is not afraid any more.



NATIVE EVANGELISTS

Zacharias Kpoto is second from the right.



# New Testament Eschatology and Modern Preaching

BY HEWITT B. VINNEDGE

## I.

THE words *apocalyptic* and *eschatology* are going to be used interchangeably.

I am aware that this is not a strictly accurate usage; for *apocalyptic* is descriptive of a type of literature, and *eschatology* denotes the subject with which that literature deals. One might say that *apocalyptic* is a form of writing, while *eschatology* is its content. This is a nice and discriminating distinction which has been honored more in the breach than in the observance, and we shall doubtless follow the prevailing tradition. Both words are, of course, of Greek origin: *apocalypsis* means a revealing, or uncovering: *ta eschata* means the last things. Thus, it will be seen that here is a type of literature designed to be a revelation of what shall be hereafter or what might be hereafter.

After what? How long after? These questions seem not to enter into the definition; but they have been the source of a continuous controversy (now mild, now violent) among theologians of Christianity and of other religions as well, notably Jewish, Moslem, and more recently Buddhist.

Messrs. Riddle and Hutson have defined *apocalypse* as an attempt "to show the reasons for exceptional difficulties and to picture the final outcome. It customarily uses fantastic imagery and curious figures. It expects the meaning of these will be apparent to the reader; for basic to the written *apocalypsis* was the world view which makes them readily understood."<sup>1</sup>

Percy Gardner has perhaps defined the field of *eschatology* as succinctly as anyone when he tells us that it deals with three great questions.<sup>2</sup> In briefest form these are:

(1) What is the world and what am I to do about it? (2) Why and for how long am I to be? (3) Why do I seem to have a double kinship calling me in opposite directions? It might not be too much of an exaggeration to say that these questions take us beyond the field of *eschatology* and are not too inaccurate a summary of the whole field of religion. Take the matter of double kinship, for example. It is probably this more than any other element that makes man, as someone has humorously said, "an incurably religious animal."

Man shares with other animals many qualities which seem to make him at one with them. By way of illustration, there is the desire for the getting and using of food, without which the organism is unable to exist. In man this is often transformed into the desire for acquiring the means for the purchase of food, that is, for property. Then there is the desire to be thought well of by one's own kind, which manifests itself in the strutting of the peacock and in the ambition of man to adorn himself with honors, his person with garments, his place of habitation with comfort and beauty. There is the desire for association with those of one's kind, which is evidenced by the huddling of certain species, the schools of fishes, the colonies of beavers and bats, and in man by the urges toward friendship, toward social organization and activity, toward the establishment of institutions like the family, the tribe, the nation. There is the desire to extend oneself beyond the physical limits of the organic individual, as expressed in the urge toward reproduction of one's kind and the producing of a new generation of similar organisms; this is not greatly different, so far as instinctive tendency is concerned, wherever it appears among the various forms of animal life, including that of the animal which we call man. In all these

<sup>1</sup>Riddle and Hutson: *New Testament Life and Literature*, p.

<sup>2</sup>Gardner: *The Ephesian Gospel*, pp. 163-164.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST  
By Domenico Veneziano

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)  
(Kress Collection)

points, and in many others which time and opportunity do not at present allow us to enumerate, man seems to be at one with the vast universe of animal creation, of which he is indeed an integral part.

Yet there are other forces within the mind and heart of man, other urges and drives, one might say, which seem to make him at one with something other than the animals. Man seems always to have felt that he was also at one with a hidden and mysterious force that often has escaped his understanding but which is none the less real and positive. A poet has referred to these urges in calling them by the picturesque phrase, "the dreams that make us men." There are dreams and hopes and aspirations and yearnings of the human heart which make us more than animal, which make us men. No one who is informed by the scientific spirit, no one who is able to observe, would deny the identity or the basic

kinship which we have with other animals. By the same token no one possessed of the same scientific power of observation would deny that man has kinship with something quite other than animals.

The history of man's attempt to understand, to enter into communication with the Something Other, is the history of religion—the poetic and dramatic approach to this Something Other. Among even the most primitive groups there has been this sense of the Something Other, a sense very often akin to fear, if not definitely a phase of fear. Among others the sense has been akin to the wonder with which one looks upon a marvelous object of nature, such as a majestic waterfall or canyon. Primitive man had the desire to placate that which caused the feeling of fear, or to appropriate that which caused him to wonder or marvel. There are some persons who say that religion has sprung entirely from the emotion of fear, and that the language of eschatology is a thinly veiled expression of such dread; but this is not historically or scientifically true. Man has seen in the phenomena of nature, the orderly march of the seasons, the rebirth of nature with the coming of springtime, the awesome activity of lightning, the glorious display of Northern lights, the magnificent expanse of the heavens at night, the rugged unassailability of mountain tops, the mystery of love and life and birth—in all these man has sensed the working of a power and a dignity which are beyond himself and beyond his comprehension. And the mind of man has striven toward the appropriation of that power to himself. He has yearned for contact with those forces that lift him beyond the narrow confines of a grubbing and grooved existence. He has sought to understand what makes him feel as he does when he glimpses the marvels of nature. And inexorably he has been led to believe that all these things of wonder have their source in something which he cannot ordinarily perceive. Thus he has been led to a belief in the Something Other—something far other than the limited powers which he possesses—something far other than the ways and attributes of plants and animals. And so man has dreamed of the



Something Other; he has sought to appropriate its power and make it, in part, his own. He has strained toward a sense of being at one with all these glorious manifestations of power and wisdom and beauty. This is, I believe, as potent a cause for the origin of religious thinking as the emotion of fear, and has worked far more effectively and consistently in causing the commencement of religious gropings. And I incline to the view that eschatology is the poet's way of expressing man's dream of bringing human ways and human living into harmony with those of the Something Other.

The mysterious force has taken various forms in the minds of men. To some primitive peoples it was "The Big Man in the Woods." Here was the sense of kinship with the Something Other and at the same time recognition that it was something beyond them in power, not readily discovered; hence it was a man, but a big one, and one generally hidden in the woods. To other peoples the Something Other has seemed to be expressed in local deities of particular objects, such as fountains, rivers, caves; usually they were regarded as having forms much like the human body. Here again was recognition of kinship with the mysterious power, for human bodies were postulated. But here also was the realization that for all the kinship there was something beyond human power, for the unknown beings were supposed to have control over such life-giving objects as springs and rivers. To other peoples the Something Other might be expressed in terms of a sun-god, which ruled the destinies of man by his control over the sun. Herein was recognition not only of kinship with a greatness that was super-human, but of another element as well. As our organic life is ultimately dependent on the heat and light of the sun, so it was supposed that the Great Power had a kindly feeling toward men and was doing what it could to make their lives livable—much as the head of a state was supposed to look after the well being of his subjects, or, as a loving parent watched out for the best interests of his children.

Throughout the long history of mankind various ways and means have been sought

for gaining contact with the Something Other; various techniques have been developed for learning the will of the hidden power, for gaining its favor, for understanding how to put the mind of man in harmony with the hidden mind. The story of how these attempts have been made is the history of cults, with which we are not at present concerned. One can see readily, however, that out of the idea of sacred acts there would develop a consciousness of sacred places, sacred persons (teachers or priests or prophets) who were thought to have an understanding of the will of the great power, and finally sacred writings which were thought to be peculiarly expres-



ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR  
By El Greco

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)  
(Widener Collection)

sive of the mind and the intent of the Something Other. This body of writings would grow and improve throughout the ages until it came to be a well developed collection of sacred literature.

Thus down the ages man has striven to find the Something Other with which he has felt a kinship no less actual than his similarity to the beasts. The man of history has laid little emphasis upon his kinship with animals, for that has seemed rather like laboring the obvious. But he has continuously and increasingly sought for the meaning of that other kinship. Whenever he has achieved some great object or created a thing of beauty or discovered a new truth or changed upon a great invention, he has felt very close to the Something Other; for he has felt that his end was reached only through some new gift of wisdom from the Great Power. Thus he has been led to believe that the mysterious force would wish that men had in their lives more of truth and of beauty, better understanding, and better relations one with another. The sacred literature has expressed this view of a divine will for a better world and a better mankind. The writer of eschatology has looked about him and has observed how far short of the divine will man has come. He proceeds to write in poetic terms a corrective to the conditions which he observes, and dramatically sets forth the terrific change that must come about if man is to approximate the destiny which is in store for him. Being a person of flesh, he depicts the necessary upheavals in terms of the human institutions with which he is familiar, and of the observable material universe.

Before this series of articles is finished, I shall try to show that persons interested in apocalyptic literature have often fallen into the same mistake: they have considered the acute drama depicted in apocalyptic literature as relevant to their own immediate age, and likely to that alone; they have assumed that here were actual and literal predictions of events that were soon to come to pass. Unless there is some deeper relevance than this, the modern and scientific scholar will have to abandon the apocalyptic books to such interpretation and will have to advise

all who disagree with it to avoid or ignore those books. But as a matter of fact, it becomes increasingly plainer that the deep relevance and lasting validity of this type of literature is in the belief and that lies behind them: *God is in control of human history*. This means that God is not an aloof Spectator, but a vitally interested One, though sometimes He is an active Participant Who sets bounds to what men can do. Nothing that is of this earth can be of the eternal order. Empires and civilizations rise and seem to be immovable, but in every instance they fall and give place to others. However much they may impose their character on an age, they will nevertheless go into decline and be followed by others. The apocalyptic writer thought that this was more than blind chance.

They believed that over all was God, ultimately directing things in this world, for which he must have had some purpose. Their faith was in more than a divine control of history; it was in a divine *initiative* in history. But they had no mere deterministic view of man or of history. They seemed able to hold within the integrity of a single idea (a) an assurance that peoples and individuals are responsible for their acts and (b) that those same peoples and individuals are serving divine ends without being aware of the fact. To the modern mind this might present a dilemma; but the apocalypticists were aware of no such dilemma. Thus, the prophetic writers in the Old Testament could be quite certain that Assyria and Babylon, as well as their rulers, were wicked indeed, but were nevertheless working out a divine judgment on Israel. As they observed the cruelty and the tyranny of the ancient empires, they could view this as God's action so far as Israel was receiving the well deserved reward for its folly; but viewing the same circumstances as men's act, they felt free to condemn those who were performing it. While they considered that Babylon and Assyria were executing the divine will of God on Israel, yet they were not doing so as God's servants but as servers of their own evil and selfish intentions. This would mean that while men freely choose for themselves how they shall act, God is still using those freely chosen acts to work out His



own purpose. Christians should be quite able to understand this double view, which is more in the nature of a paradox than of a dilemma; for our whole idea of the culminating act of redemption presents precisely such a paradox. Those in Jerusalem on the first Good Friday who yelled out, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!" and who were guilty of the death of God's Son, were criminals in every sense of the word; and yet the very crime which they committed presented the ultimate act in God's provision of a remedy for sin and death. This is a sort of cosmic consistency.

The apocalyptic writers saw the suffering through which they were passing as a clash of principles rather than a conflict of men; the clash was between two great spiritual entities; all that is good versus all that is evil. No one can see the events of his own time in proper historical perspective; and so these writers had an exaggerated sense of the evils through which they were passing. They felt that they must be engaged in the very last of all struggles, enduring the very last great persecution of goodness. They felt that evil had never been so evil before and could never again raise itself to such heights of power; the denouement must be near. Historically, of course, we may regard them as mistaken writers of unfulfilled predictions; therefore, various later writers and later Bible students have taken these same writings and tried to apply them in the same manner to the times in which they were living. Hence, many interpreters all through the ages have made like mistakes at a point of time (but not in principle). Whenever calamity is widespread, such interpreters have thought that these must be the times of which the prophets and the

apocalyptic writers were speaking. It is not unnatural that such a view should arise, for over and over again there have been many "anti-Christ's" to defy God's will and God's people.

In this connection, we may not be amiss to cite Millar Burrow's dictum<sup>3</sup> that all eschatological expectation, however and whenever conceived and however interpreted, embodies three inescapable facts:

1. For every individual an end of the world is coming and may come at any moment.

2. For every people or civilization there will be a sure doom if it fails to obey the laws of God.

3. An end of physical existence on this planet must come eventually.

Therefore, no hope which is dependent entirely on this world order can be everlastingly permanent. The prophetic cry, "The end is coming," is in a sense valid for all generations. But in Christian eschatology there is the assurance that beyond certain doom and certain judgment the Gospel offers hope and joy. Like the author of II Peter, the faithful Christian of every generation looks "for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."<sup>4</sup> Like the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he hopes for "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."<sup>5</sup> Like the seer in the book of Revelation, he has complete trust that in that city, "There shall be no curse any more, and the throne of God and the Lamb shall be therein."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Burrows: *An Outline of Biblical Theology*, 218-219.

<sup>4</sup> II Peter 3:13

<sup>5</sup> Hebrews 11:10.

<sup>6</sup> Revelation 22:3.



# Whithersoever

## A Story of Galilee

BY IVY BOLTON

"AND this is Galilee," Stephanas said to himself as the turn of the road brought him into full view of the Lake of Gennesaret sparkling in the sunshine with the white walled town of Capernaum sprawled along its shore. Behind rose the hillside aflame with red lilies and anemones. The young man stopped on the winding path to drink in the beauty of it all. Why should people despise Galilee which God had made so fair? he wondered.

Life was stretching as a shining way before him on this spring morning. He had his gifts, the skilled fingers trained by the best artists, his Macedonian home afforded. He could paint beauty in color and in words; he longed to pause and write something of this glory in his tablets now. Best of all, was his doctor's degree which he had acquired a few months ago, the thing that meant the most for it was the chance to serve. He had been eager to start his career at once, but his father, the wealthy Jewish merchant had demurred. "A year among our own people is what you need, Stephanas," he said. "You will find great physicians among us and above all, there are the schools of the Rabbis, where you can learn of the things of God."

Stephanas had gone eagerly and willingly. His father's cousin, Ezra, the Pharisee, had welcomed him in kindly fashion and he found himself a member of a large and comfortable household, surrounded by all the luxuries to which he had been accustomed. It looked like a happy holiday until the perplexities arose.

Life seemed so full of pitfalls. At home, Stephanas had gone on his way, trying to keep the commandments and do his duty, not an easy thing for a Jewish lad in a pagan school. Here, however, were unending rules, most of which he failed to remember. There were small defilements, frequent washings, too many steps on the Sabbath Day, keep-

ing your garments close about you, lest you meet a sinner, tithing even the smallest seed. Stephanas found himself worried and afraid. Was the God of Israel always angry?

Most puzzling of all was the attitude towards Samaria and Galilee. To go to either place seemed to run the risk of defilement and his first questions concerning the two places had been answered with such caution and biting emphasis that he had not ventured on more.

But he had welcomed the invitation to accompany a deputation that was going to Galilee. The ride through the valleys and over the hills had unfolded one beauty after another and as they came in sight of Capernaum, Ezra and his family with others who had decided to walk the rest of the way.

A Prophet had arisen in Galilee. At first He had been ignored, for He came from Nazareth and what good could come from there?

But He had cleared the Temple Market which was the scandal of Jerusalem, justified by His own power and His touch healed the sick, gave sight to the blind and made the lame to walk. His teachings were revolutionary. Five of the most prominent masters of the law had been deputed to investigate.

"A handsome and promising lad, the young cousin of yours," Rabbi Samuel was saying to Ezra. "A clever doctor too so the physician Lemuel informed me. He speaks of the lad's intelligence as of a high order and says he has been well taught."

"He is good in the main," Ezra agreed doubtfully. "Yet—our people of the Dispersion are ill trained in the traditions of the elders. Stephanas is very careless—what is he doing now?"

A child's scream rent the air; a small boat hurtled to the path, struck and rolled over to the shore. A sobbing cry from a girl echoed the scream. Stephanas dashed to the re-



e. He knelt down beside an unconscious boy who had played too near the edge of the rocks. The girl ran down to join him, a ragged, illkempt maid of ten or thereabouts. The child too, was grimy and unattractive. An ominous spurt of blood which came from the thin arm told Stephanas that there was serious trouble. His skilled fingers came down on the place. He looked around for help. "Cousin Ezra," he called.

Ezra answered him from the path above. He was grasping his robes tightly about him and his face was grim and uncompromising.

"Come away at once, Stephanas," he commanded. "You will be defiled, here in Galilee of all places. We do not mingle with the common people and sinners. Let the Galileans tend their own."

"Throw me my wallet, a bandage, anything," Stephanas cried. "I need help."

The business is none of yours, Stephanas. Come away."

"The child is hurt," Stephanas called back over his shoulder as with his free hand he tried to find out whether there were other injuries. Ezra and his companions turned on their heels and went on.

Stephanas realized with dismay that he was alone: He dared not let go and the girl was too frightened to help. To add to his troubles the baby had recovered consciousness and was squirming with pain. The fishermen on the shore were very far away, the market seemed to have dispersed. "Run for aid," Stephanas bade the girl, who only gazed at him stupidly as she wrung her hands. Was there no assistance anywhere? Stephanas wondered desperately.

Someone had realized his plight. A shadow fell upon him and a hand, strong and tender, with fingers sensitive as his own came over his.

"You can let go, my son," said a calm voice. "The bleeding has stopped."

Stephanas looked up at the speaker, a tall man in the rough garb of a Galilean peasant. The eyes that met his were full of love and understanding and yet they seemed to read him through and through. Cautiously, Stephanas withdrew his hand and the Stranger lifted the child in his arms. The screams and squirmings stopped as with a little, long-drawn breath of content, the baby nestled against a loving heart.

The bleeding had stopped. The arm seemed



GALILEE

unhurt. Stephanas stared dazedly, as he looked at his own stained fingers in amazement. The little maid had ceased her sobbing and was clinging to their helper's robe and looking up into His face. The Stranger, still carrying the child, turned away with a word of blessing. Too late, Stephanas realized that he had not asked his name. Slowly he rose and rejoined his companions.

He received no welcome. "You are disobedient and defiled, Stephanas," Ezra told him. "Keep out of our way until sunset and then seek the local Rabbi and make your offerings for your cleansing. You have much to learn but, at least, you should have known this."

Stephanas bit back a hot retort and sternly suppressed his excuses. Was he to have left a child to die without help, he who was a physician and could aid? Even if

he not had the skill, he could not have passed a hurt child without doing something. Surely, there was something wrong with strictness like this. He went away and entered the little town and wandered up the narrow winding main street a little forlornly. What was he to do next? He stopped at a booth and bought some food which he ate upon the shore under the shadow of the jutting rock. The soft breeze cooled his face and the quiet stilled his anger and resentment.

Well, at any rate he was free. Three hours before sunset! And if he was already defiled, it did not seem to make much difference what he did. He might try to find the Prophet, he thought. Still, he would probably be unwelcome there. He rose to his feet. He would hunt for the Stranger, equally defiled with himself, the man who had come to his help. He could not be very far away.

Stephanas walked along the shore. A crowd attracted his attention, a very quiet crowd, some sitting, some standing, all listening. Stephanas stopped on the outskirts and at the sound of the speaker's voice he lifted his head with the light in his eyes. It was his Stranger sitting on a rocky eminence a little above the crowd. Stephanas drew a little nearer. "Who is He?" he whispered to an old man next to him.

"The Prophet of Nazareth," was the low-toned answer.

Stephanas drew nearer and nearer. He was not conscious of his progress till he found himself seated near the inner circle, listening with all his might, forgetful of ambition, longings, sunset, everything. There was such plain teaching. Even the children could understand. There was the story of the lost sheep that the shepherd risked his life to save, the talents that were distributed to each servant to use for God. God was no wrathful Ruler; God was the loving Father who wanted Stephanas.

Children edged their way in and out. Small grimy hands touched the Master's and He smiled. A ragged little lad came close to Stephanas and the young man put an arm about him and lifted a baby girl to his knee.



MADONNA AND CHILD  
By Ugolino da Siena

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)  
(Kress Collection)



The Master rose at last and the crowd lifted away. Stephanas suddenly realized that it was long after sundown and that he had done nothing about the local rabbi. It was no use to go back to Ezra's lodging; he would only be hurled forth again. Just here to find one for himself, he did not know. Well it did not matter much. He went down to the shore. The moon had risen and under its light, he drew out his tablets to write notes of all that he had heard. He worked absorbedly, till footsteps stopped beside him. He looked up into Ezra's stern face.

"What are you doing here?" Ezra was demanding. "You, a Pharisee, are still here mingling with the Galileans. You have ignored sunset and my directions. Moreover, you were in the forefront of the crowd about this Nazarene Prophet. You were listening to Him with all the attention of the ignorant masses about you. These people who know not the law, are accursed."

Stephanas smiled. "Did we not come to listen?" he asked.

"Not you. And we came to judge."

"Only I have found that I must listen," Stephanas answered.

"You will bide by yourself then," Ezra informed him. "You are wrecking your career and all your father's hopes." He turned away.

Stephanas stood looking out at the darkening water. It looked as if he would have spent the night on the beach.

"Have you nowhere to go?" Stephanas turned to face a young man about his own age. "I could not help hearing," the newcomer added. "We have always room for one more, if a fisherman's house is not too humble an abode for you. My name is John the son of Zebedee."

Stephanas's smile answered John's. "I will accept gladly," he answered, "Only perhaps you will not want me. I understand I am ceremonially unclean. I handled a beggar child who was hurt. The Prophet of Nazareth handled the same child though," he added with a little laugh. "You are one of his followers, I think?"



CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN

By Pacecco de Rosa

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

"I am. Where the Master leads, we go. Come with me. My father will welcome you."

It was a home that opened its doors. Though not luxurious, the dwelling was large and comfortable. Old Zebedee welcomed his guest and his wife and the servants bade the stranger welcome, brought water for his dusty feet and hands and made a fresh place at the table. There was an older brother, James to greet him and to explain that for tonight, the Master was at the house of Simon Peter.

The days that followed were full of wonders. Stephanas stayed still at the house of Zebedee, but from early dawn till late in the evening he followed wherever the Master led. And as he listened the young man's love grew. He worked with the twelve in the evenings when the sick and halt, blind and palsied were brought into the narrow street, his skill making the invalids more comfortable till the Master came with healing, strength and peace.

"We must get Stephanas back to us," Ezra said some days later. "What is he thinking of, to be behaving like this?"

"We made a mistake, my friend," Rabbi Samuel answered. "In making him an out-cast, we have thrown him with this Galilean rabble. We must dazzle him, wake his ambition and above all, get him back to Jerusalem."

Thus it happened that a day later, Jonathan came to his cousins as Stephanas strolled on the beach. "My father would speak with you," he said and Stephanas turned to walk back with him. Jonathan did not pursue the conversation. He simply led the way to the house where the deputation was staying.

It was rather a formidable gathering in which Stephanas found himself. Ezra sat there and the famous rabbis around him. It was the Rabbi Samuel who addressed the young man and his voice was kindly.

"You have been rather foolish, lad," he said. You are jeopardizing your career by the associations you are making here in Galilee. Still we realize that you by no fault of your own are a stranger to our ways. Doubtless your good father realized this when he sent you to Jerusalem. You have gifts and you have talent. You have had the best of training and we want you to return to Jerusalem and learn from our great teachers there. The great physician Lemuel will take you under his care. He does not usually trouble himself with mere lads. But any one that he takes may consider himself lucky indeed. The great Rabbi Gamaliel will admit you to his school. There under him, you will have all your questions answered and you will return home to a successful life and a great work. You will carry our traditions to our own people of the dispersion. Can any lad ask more?"

"I thank you for your interest, honored Rabbi," Stephanas answered quietly.

"There is one condition only," Rabbi Samuel said smoothly. "You must return at once to Jerusalem and pass your word to have no more to do with this Nazarene Prophet."

"That I may not promise," Stephanas answered steadily. "He is a teacher come

from God. I needs must listen and follow where He leads."

"Career, fame, distinction, wealth, you will give that up for a Nazarene?" asked the Rabbi incredulously.

"For Messias," said Stephanas and with the words the storm broke. "Rebellious, disobedient, wrong headed," the words were hurled at him. Ezra interposed icily. "You will go forth penniless, Stephanas. The money sent by our father will be returned to him. Not one shekel shall be spent in Galilee."

Words ended in blows. The servant was summoned, the whip curled about the young man's shoulders and at last bruised and bleeding, he was hurled forth into the night while the storm of words and the dread curse of the synagogue followed him. Utterly spent and weary, he stumbled down to the beach and lay there his face buried on his folded arms.

Had he made a mistake? Did the Master really want him? Stephanas wondered wearily as he lay there in his loneliness and pain. On one side all his dreams could come true; he could be a great doctor in the profession he loved. On the other a way, unknown way, a way of growing difficult and persecution which he dimly sensed. It was a sore temptation but he fought manfully and as the sun rose above the lake, he sat up weary, storm tossed but determined. What did anything matter but the Master Himself?

What would be the future? That did not matter either. A step sounded beside him and he looked up to see Jonathan.

"My father wants to know if a night's thought has taught you sense?" Jonathan said. "Will you give up this madness and make your apologies to him?"

"It is not madness," Stephanas answered. "I have found my Teacher and I bide with Him."

A look of utter contempt crossed his cousin's face. "You are a fool," he said. "Has this Prophet dared to enroll you among His followers?"

"He has not even asked me to follow Him as yet," Stephanas replied. Jonathan turned away. Stephanas sat looking at the



unflecked waves, the eastern sky a glory of gold and crimson. No, the Master has not called, He had accepted shy service with a smile, He had answered shy questions when Stephanas had courage to put them, and yet the Master knew. Of that Stephanas was certain. "It is what he wants," Stephanas said aloud.

Someone paused by him and he looked up to the face he loved. "Follow Me, Ste-

phanas, my son," said the Master. The light came into the young man's face. Yes, it was an unknown future, one that would send him far and wide; there would be sorrow and unbelievable joy there, peril and poverty and hard work but nothing would matter in the least. The Master wanted Stephanas and with his heart aglow with love, the young man turned to follow wherever the Lord Christ should lead.



THE CALLING OF THE APOSTLES PETER AND ANDREW

By Duccio di Buoninsegna

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)

(Kress Collection)



DEDICATION OF PATIO CROSS

### The Cross At Mount Calvary

It is fitting that the cross at Mount Calvary should be of magnificent proportions and unusual design. This cross is the gift of Miss Amy duPont. It is a munificent offering and we are deeply grateful for it.

This cross is made of wrought iron with bronze medallions inset. Mr. Gunnar Thielst, of Santa Barbara is both the designer and craftsman. It stands about twenty feet high, set in a mound of rocks over which spreads a plant called "crown of thorns."

The bronze medallions are symbols of the Passion. At the center is the pierced Heart of our Lord, surrounded by the crown of thorns. Below the center on the south side are the three nails, the hammer and pincers, the scourge, and the lance and reed; on the

east side are the pelican, the lamb, grapes and the pillar to which our Lord was bound; on the north are the phoenix, the chalice, the dice and seamless robe, and the ladder; on the west is the cock which crew Peter's denial, the dish and pitcher used by Pilate, some grapes and the serpent lifted up in the wilderness. At the base of the front of the cross appears the skull (Golgotha was called the place of a skull) traditionally marking Adam's grave, telling us that Christ, the second Adam died for the first as well as the last man.

The rock garden around the cross has been planted not only with "crown of thorns," but with over seventy-five varieties of succulents. Placed among these native plants, with its huge arms outlined against the mountains, this tremendous cross is witness to the strength and



stness of our Faith in the Crucified. It is cross unique in this country and should press many souls. The cross was blessed the Right Reverend Eric Bloy as part of r dedication service on May second and rd.

### Santa Barbara Intercessions

*Please join us in praying for:*

Father Baldwin attending the California inference for young people of high school e at Rancho del Obispo, July 6-13.

Father Harris supplying at Christ Church, ntario, California, July 10-27, and Ascen-

sion, Sierra Madre, California, July 29-August 15.

### Notes

From July 21 to August 4 the community will be in annual retreat and general chapter of the Order. The house will be full at this time and we ask that guests not come during this period.

Father Superior preached and confirmed at St. Thomas' Church, Mamaroneck, New York; St. Ambrose's Church, Harlem, New York City; St. Agnes' Chapel, Balmville, New York; Christ Church, Marlboro, New

## QUESTION BOX

(1) *"Some of my friends say they have been 'Christened,' while others say they have been 'Baptized.' Is there any difference?* These are just two names for the same thing. When one is baptized, one is Christened, or *Christ-ened*, which is a good term because according to the Prayer Book one is indeed made "a member of Christ." Neither term should ever be used to mean simply the receiving of a name.

(2) *What is the meaning of the symbol 'IHS'?* There seems to be some general misinterpretation of this. The three letters are Greek ones, and hence the middle one is really an "E" and not, as is so often assumed, an English "H." The letters in Greek would be the first three letters in our Lord's own name, and the modern version that the letters mean "In His Service" is a bit-far-fetched if the middle letter is really an "E." Similarly, the letter XP are the Greek equivalent of the English CHR and stand for the word "Christ."

(3) *Don't you believe that all people really want to do good?* Of course. Moral behavior is largely based upon that fact. However, *wanting* to do good and *doing* it are not quite the same. St. James tells us we are to be not only hearers of the word, but doers also. We show how much we *want* to do God's will by *what we do about it*. Then too, so many think that merely not doing evil is the same thing. Serving God is a positive, not a negative thing. Heaven is

not just filled with pardoned criminals, but with holy saints.

(4) *Why do we continue to use so many things that are Jewish in our churches?* It is difficult to know here what is meant by "things." Our Lord did not come to found a brand new church, chucking out everything that had been before, as so many seem to suppose, like a reformer of later medieval days. It was not *what* the Jews had that was mistaken, but their *attitude towards* it. The New Testament ("new covenant" is what that means) in Jesus Christ crucified and risen and ascended is the completion of the Old Testament between God and His people. Any modern story without its first twenty or so chapters would not make much sense. Neither will the New Testament without the Old. A group of young people was once asked to remove (mentally) all in their church that was of Jewish origin. They ended up with only the pews and the New Testament, and even part of the latter had to be deleted. Jesus came to the Jews first to save them. The Jews did not, on Christmas Day, cease to be the chosen race of their Heavenly Father. They themselves decided their fate later on when their hearts were hardened and they turned their backs upon their Saviour and Messiah. Even in late Apostolic Church days the Gospel was always preached to the Jews first, and then if they were cast out of the synagogues, to the Gentiles.

York; St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, New York; presided at the annual chapter of the Order of St. Helena at Helmetta, New Jersey.

Father Kroll conducted a retreat for associates of the Order of St. Helena at Versailles, Kentucky; and the retreat for the sisters at Helmetta, New Jersey.

Father Parker preached at Ascension Church, Kansas City, Grace Church, Ottawa, and St. Michael's Church, Hays, all in Kansas.

Brother Herbert attended the Valley Forge Youth Conference.

Father Packard conducted retreats at Holy Cross Monastery for a group of men from Mohawk, New York, and some of the members of the Confraternity of the Christian Life; spoke to the Monday Club, Port Jervis, New York, and attended a conference for young people at Memlins, New York.

Father Adams supplied at St. George's Church, Helmetta, New Jersey.

Father Gunn preached at Trinity Church, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Father Taylor attended the Valley Forge Conference.

### Book Reviews

ALFRED THOMAS, *The Life of Christ, Twenty-four Paintings* (London: The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1948) pp. 57, cloth, 10/6.

India has been called the graveyard of religions. Time and again religions which have come in with invaders of that country have been absorbed into the virtual atheism of Indian mysticism and lost their identity. Now Christianity is there and it remains to be seen whether our dynamic faith, anchored in history is going to succeed in drawing the people of that land or its symbols, emptied of their distinctive meaning, become the vehicles of the pre-

valent religion. In this book are the work of a third generation Christian, born of Agra of Hindu stock. Alfred Thomas studied art first at Lucknow and later under Tagore and Bose. Since then he has been in Italy doing further study. The illustrations of this book are thoroughly Indian in the treatment of the subjects, but there is a firm grasp of the historical. The reviewer particularly noted the paintings of the Transfiguration and the Resurrection appearing to see if these were expressed by impersonal signs, but there is the Lord showing the continuity between the historical and the transformed. Art is one of the best gauges of the character of theology and this book is a most healthy sign of the way Christianity has made its impact on India. The S.P.G. to be congratulated on this publication.

—J. G.



### Contributors

Mr. Trevor Wyatt Moore is a communicant of the Church of Our Saviour, Chicago, and a postulant for Holy Orders.

The Reverend Paul C. Weed, Jr., Oblate of Mt. Calvary, is rector of the Church of St. James the Less, Philadelphia.

The Reverend Ralph T. Milligan, Oblate of Mt. Calvary, is on the mission staff at Bolahun, Liberia.

The Reverend Hewitt B. Vinnedge, Ph.D., is a member of the faculty of Mississippi Southern College.

Ivy Bolton is the pen name of a religious writer.

### Fall Retreats

Seminarists and Pre-seminarists—September 6 to 9—Father Taylor.

Seminarists Associate *only*—September 20 to 23—Father Taylor.

Priests—September 26-30—Father Hawkins.

Please make reservations early.



# an Ordo of Worship and Intercession July - August 1949

*Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)  
—for the increase of religious vocations*

*5th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib cr pref of Trinity—for the  
peace of the world*

*Monday G Mass of Trinity v col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) ad lib—for the Faith-  
ful Departed*

*St Vincent de Paul C Double W gl—for the Order of the Holy Cross*

*St Margaret of Antioch VM Simple R gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the Sisters of St Margaret*

*Thursday G Mass of Trinity v col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for St Andrew's School*

*St Mary Magdalene Double W Gl cr—for all sinners*

*Vigil of St James V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the bishops of the Church*

*6th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib cr pref of Trinity—for the  
reconciliation of enemies*

*St James the Apostle Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for missions*

*St Anne Mother of the BVM Gr Double W gl—for the Order of St Anne*

*Wednesday G Mass of Trinity vi col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the Confraternity of the Love of God*

*Thursday G Mass as on July 27—for the Priests Associate*

*St Martha V Double W gl—for all in routine jobs*

*Of St Mary Simple W Mass as on July 16—for the Liberian Mission*

*7th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St Ignatius Loyola C cr pref of Trinity—for the poor  
and unemployed*

*August 1 St Peter in Chains Gr Double R gl col 2) St Paul 3) Holy Maccabees cr pref of Apostles—for the  
Seminarists Associate*

*Tuesday G Mass of Trinity vii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) ad lib—for the Con-  
fraternity of the Christian Life*

*Wednesday G Mass of Trinity vii col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for Mount Calvary Santa Barbara*

*St Dominic C Double W gl—for the annual chapter of O H C*

*Friday G Mass as on August 3—for the prophetic witness of the clergy*

*Transfiguration of Christ Double II Cl W gl cr prop pref—for the Community of the Transfiguration*

*Holy Name of Jesus Double II Cl gl col 2) Trinity viii cr pref of Transfiguration LG Sunday or 8th Sun-  
day after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Holy Name cr pref of Trinity—for the Community of the Holy  
Name*

*Monday G Mass of Trinity viii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) ad lib—for those in  
doubt and perplexity*

*Tuesday G Mass of Trinity viii col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the ill and suffering*

*St Lawrence DM Double R gl—for the persecuted*

*Thursday G Mass as on August 9—for the Autumn Catholic Congresses*

*St Clare V Double W gl—for the increase of the contemplative life*

*Vigil of the Assumption V col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the Christian  
family life*

*9th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the return of the lapsed*

*Assumption BVM Double I Cl W gl cr pref BVM (through the Octave unless otherwise directed—for  
the Poor Clares*

*Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—for all  
shrines of our lady*



## HOLY CROSS PRESS

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### *We Are In Trouble!*

Dear Friend:

Shall we suspend publication of this Magazine? We ask this question in all seriousness, and after you have read this brief letter, perhaps you will advise us as to what course we should take. We, at Holy Cross, feel that the Magazine is an important part of our work. First of all, it serves to keep us in touch with the members of our "Family," and we feel, too, that in setting forth the Catholic Faith and the ideals of the spiritual life, we are making a modest contribution to the life of the whole Church. A few months ago we announced that publication would continue even at a monthly loss to The Order. We want to keep that promise, but certain recent trends may compel us to change our plans. From February 1st, to May 31st, we lost 150 subscribers through their failure to renew their subscriptions. This represents a cash loss of approximately \$375. More than that, of course, because we had the expense of sending out additional copies of the Magazine and also letters and cards asking them to renew. The amazing thing is that most of these lapsed subscriptions were in the names of persons we had concluded were really interested friends of The Order. Perhaps we have taken too much for granted. Frankly, we are puzzled. We just haven't the ready money to put on a professional campaign for subscribers, and yet if we continue to lose them at this rate — well, it won't be a question of wanting to keep the Magazine going, even at a loss — but rather we shall be forced to drop the whole thing for lack of money to pay the bills. We hope that it won't come to that, of course, and once again we appeal to you to send us at least one NEW SUBSCRIPTION, and to renew your own on expiration. Above all, please do say some prayers for us that we may know God's Will for us in this very difficult time.

Faithfully yours,

*A. I. Drake*

(The Rev'd) A. I. Drake, Business Manager.



## Press Notes

Copies of WITH CHRIST IN GOD are now available at \$3.62 Postpaid. Here, in part, is what the *Canadian Churchman* had to say about this book: "Those who conduct Retreats will find this book most helpful; for Ordinands, in these days when so much that has a practical value is stressed, and so little that leads to the development of the spiritual life is taught, it will be found most useful; in it the devout layman, who desires seriously to study his religion, will find much food for thought as to the destiny of the human soul, and, as the author says, much to disabuse the erroneous and widespread idea that the Christian life consists in accepting certain articles of belief and conforming to a certain code of conduct when these are only parts of it."

We want to share with our readers a quotation from a review of Father Hughson's other recent and great book *SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE* appearing in *The Living Church*: "It is hard to exaggerate the debt which the American Church owes to Fr. Hughson for his writings alone. His piety is austere without rigor. His learning is never obtrusive or pedantic, and his style has an earnest directness which speaks to the heart. Reading him one senses the atmosphere of the Tractarians, and indeed of the great spiritual guides of all ages. This book, (*Spiritual Guidance*), like his others, will be a lifetime possession." Order from your bookseller, or from Holy Cross Press. Cloth. \$3.12 Postpaid.

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